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Under the Colors

A Drama in Three Acts

—BY—

SAMUEL R. ADAMS

Price, - 25 Cents

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No. 1815 Locust Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Under the Colors

A Drama in Three Acts

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SAMUEL R. ADAMS

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UNDER THE COLORS.

Act I.—Scene 1, Exterior of Barracks. Place, Island of Negriots. Time, Afternoon.
Scene 2, Zaidee's Hacienda near a Tagalog village. Time, Evening.
Act II.—Defending the Stockade. Time, Midnight.
Act III.—Division Headquarters Island of Luzon

Time.—A. D. 1900.
Place.—Phillipine Islands.

ACT I.

Scene I.

(Lt. Douglass *and* Grant *seated as though carrying on a conversation.*)

Grant. Your story interests me very much, Lieutenant, and almost makes me wish I had been a soldier instead of a news vending newsy old war correspondent.

Lt. Douglass. You would change your mind once you were in the army, for it's a dog's life on beginning, but once you've tasted of its delicate and none too digestible flavor, nothing else seems to suit your palate.

Grant. But you have no right to complain, fortune has been kind to you. You're second in command in your company, with the full confidence of your commander, and the good will of your men.

Lt. Douglass. Through your spectacles all seems plain sailing, but an officer has more to disturb his peace of mind than his superiors' distrust with the enmity of his men thrown in.

Grant. Perhaps so, in some cases.

Lt. Douglass. In all cases, and more especially mine.

GRANT. Why so, Lieutenant?

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, in the first place, there is the woman, and the next the other man.

GRANT. Ha, ha! You don't mean to tell me you've lost your heart to one of these half-breed matichia girls, do you?

LT. DOUGLASS. It's quite true, and the worst of it is. she loves another man, and will have none of me.

GRANT. Well, I say, old chap, you're to be congratulated to have him take her off your hands, for they are too handy with that little sticker of theirs for mine. Who might the unlucky dog be?

LT. DOUGLASS. My first sergeant.

GRANT. Not Grayson Brown?

LT. DOUGLASS. The same. But, I tell you, Grant, it's no jesting matter, for I really love the girl, and if it wasn't for this fellow Brown, I believe she would return my love.

GRANT. That shouldn't weary you in the least; you're his commander, why not make him surrender voluntarily?

LT. DOUGLASS. You don't know Brown as I do, or else you'd think differently.

GRANT. Well, may be an *ingrate fishia* will cut short his career some day, and there is always the code of honor left to fall back upon when all else fails.

LT. DOUGLASS. It's no use. He seems to bear a charmed life. I've known men to be shot down by his side time and time again, and yet he escaped unscathed.

GRANT. Well, there is still the other remedy; make him fight you a duel.

LT. DOUGLASS. I'm not quite ready yet to try conclusions with the best shot in the command, and besides we manage things differently out here.

GRANT. In what way? Explain yourself.

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, I don't like to talk too much before a war correspondent, because some day I may regret it.

GRANT. Right you are, old boy, for the *Tribune* is just itching to get hold of something out of the ordinary. But have no fear of me; let's have your plan of action.

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, suppose for instance, Sergeant Brown should be ordered to search for arms and am-

munition that did not exist on the premises of the woman he loves. He, of course, would find nothing, and suppose in the meantime I should contrive to have those ammunitions of war placed there after he'd reported, and not taking his word make a search myself. Now, what do you think would happen?

GRANT. Why, he'd be court-martialed for neglect of duty.

LT. DOUGLASS. Precisely so! His career would be ruined, which would end in disgrace and perhaps discharge from the service, while I'd be left a clear field to woo and win my lady at leisure.

GRANT. But what of the woman? Would not she be considered guilty of aiding her countrymen?

LT. DOUGLASS. That's easily arranged. We can not make war on women, and besides I, as commander of this province, have full charge, and my word is law. You can guess the rest.

GRANT. You may be right, Lieutenant, but I can't see it that way, and it's too great a wrong to be perpetrated upon a brave and innocent man.

LT. DOUGLASS. It's the tide of war, old man. As the saying goes, "All is fair is love and war." Come, have another smile. Guasimas! Guasimas.

GUASIMAS. Here I is, Lieutenant.

LT. DOUGLASS. Another bottle for Mr. Grant and myself.

GUASIMAS. Right yer be, Lieutenant.

GRANT. That boy seems to be rather an odd character. How came you to have him with you?

LT. DOUGLASS. Guasimas is quite a soldier, having followed the regiment all the way from Tampa, at the outbreak of the war, being wounded at Las Guasimas, while holding one of the general's horses, so we nicknamed him "Guasimas." I'll ask him to tell you his story.

GRANT. Do so, by all means. Another hero for the *Tribune* to publish.

GUASIMAS. Here you is, Lieutenant. It's jes' ripe enough to oil yer palate all ther way down.

LT. DOUGLASS. Good boy, Guasimas. Here, take that and buy some cigarettes.

GUASIMAS. Thank yer, boss. You bet I will.

LT. DOUGLASS. Stay a moment, and tell Mr. Grant about your fight in Cuba.

GUASIMAS. Well, it twre'nt much fightin' I done. Cos' dem Spaniards didn't give me no chance. I'se jes standin' dere in Cuby holdin' der Gineral's hoss when one of dem greasers ups and pops me.

GRANT and DOUGLASS (*in unison*): Ha, ha, ha!

GUASIMAS. But dat weren't all, Gineral Young and I gits sick, and hafter stay on board der transport while der boys did ther fiteing, but I ain't got no cause to grumble, and you kin bet when I goes to war agin I takes me a razzer. (*Exits.*)

GRANT. Ha, ha, ha! The *Tribune* will get that story by the first transport out.

LT. DOUGLASS. Brave boy, Guasimas is, and the men just dote on him.

GRANT. Quite likely! And now I must be off. I've dispensed quite freely of your hospitality, and wish you success in your love affair.

LT. DOUGLASS. Thank you, Grant. I wish you also luck, but be careful and don't let no Irrogates behead you.

GRANT. Trust me for that. This old dog never fails to bark. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter Orderly.*)

ORDERLY. Sergeant Brown has returned, sir, and wishes to make a report.

LT. DOUGLASS. Show Sergeant Brown in.

(*Enter Brown.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, Sergeant?

SERG. BROWN. I've obeyed your orders, sir, and find nothing that would indicate Senorita Zaidee as being in league with the enemy.

LT. DOUGLASS. Are you sure, Sergeant? For you must remember, she's a Tagalog, and although they are friendly now, since Aguinaldo has been captured, yet there is no telling when they may break out again.

SERG. BROWN. Quite sure, Lieutenant. I would stake my life on her fidelity.

LT. DOUGLASS. It is well, and I hope we'll have no cause to be deceived in her. You may go. (*Exits.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. And so, my fine fellow! you would stake your life on her fidelity. Well, perhaps you may and that soon. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter* ZAIDEE, *accompanied by the boys.*)

CORP. DIXON. Come on, now, Zaidee, give us a song. Don't be selfish.

BOYS. Yes, sing for us, Zaidee.

ZAIDEE. No, not now, boys. Wait some other time.

CORP. DIXON. Oh! come on now; you ain't going back on old comrades, are you?

ZAIDEE. Well, I sing just one, and no more. (*Sings.*) (*Boys applaud.*)

BOYS. Bravo, Zaidee! Three cheers for Senorita Zaidee! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

ZAIDEE. Now, that will do, boys, and here's some cigaros for you, and take this (*throws them a coin*) and drink to my health. (*After a hilarious outbreak they exit.*)

(*Enter* SERG. BROWN, *who appears not to notice* ZAIDEE.)

ZAIDEE. (*scoldingly*) Well, Sergeant, are you going to stand there and dream all day.

SERG. BROWN. Ah, pardon me, Zaidee, but I was just thinking.

ZAIDEE. And pray, what may you have been thinking about?

SERG. BROWN. I was thinking how long it would be before my enlistment expired, so I could then take my own little girl to my home across the sea.

ZAIDEE. You have forgot what you did this morning.

SERG. BROWN. Don't blame me, Zaidee. Rather blame those that sent me; you know all the time I never suspected you.

ZAIDEE. Yet you searched my house just the same. Why did you do it?

SERG. BROWN. There! Don't talk like that, little girl; you almost make a traitor of me.

ZAIDEE. I wish I could. Then we'd win some victories, not having you to fight against.

SERG. BROWN. Zaidee! Surely you don't mean that I'm a traitor. Never!

ZAIDEE. No, no! I take it all back, Senor; of course I don't mean it. But will you really take me home with you?

SERG. BROWN. You know I would, Zaidee. Already there awaits in a little vine-covered cottage in old Virginia a fond and loving mother waiting to greet her long lost son and new found daughter. I've told her all, sweetheart.

ZAIDEE. Ah, Senor! How happy you make me; but

if you should forget.

SERG. BROWN. There is nothing, love, for me to forget, save that I love you and you alone, and without you life is empty, and when you go out of it my wish is that I may soon follow.

ZAIDEE. But, Senor, in your country I be as nothing to them who knew you first.

SERG. BROWN. Zaidee, my country-women would do well to learn from you the sweet simplicity and loveable nature bred only in the child of sunshine, who lives its short life amid the flowers and rippling brooks of God's own handiwork, and learns from them a lesson of Innocence and Divine Purity enough to tame the beastly nature of the wildest of men.

ZAIDEE. I believe you, Senor, for none ever talked like that to me before, and I trust you. You are all I have to love me, and life with you will be sweet to me, though I be nothing but a simple savage girl, yet I love you.

SERG. BROWN. Ah! Zaidee, a queen would be glad to possess your beauty and sweet simplicity; but enough of that. Let us think of the future. My term of enlistment will soon be over, and I have no doubt that I can retire with a lieutenant's commission. Already my name has been mentioned in special orders with a recommendation for bravery and much hard service, and when I have won my honors, no more of this life, but home to mother with my own little Zaidee. (*Embraces her.*)

(*Re-enter* LT. DOUGLASS.)

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, Sergeant! Is that the way you do your duty? Back to your post, sir. (SERGEANT *salutes and retires.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. Howdy, Zaidee. What! won't shake hands with me? Now, don't be a cruel girl.

ZAIDEE. Why do you wish to throw yourself upon me? You must know ere this how much I hate you.

LT. DOUGLASS. Your hate means just so much love to me. Why do you insist upon it when you see how madly I love you?

ZAIDEE. Don't speak of your love to me, Lieutenant Douglass, for I have told you time and time again I could never love such as you.

LT. DOUGLASS. But, look what I have to offer, name, honor and position, with a heart full of love to over-

flowing. Ah, Zaidee, your very beauty maddens me. Say the word, girl, say the word. (*Tries to embrace her.*)

ZAIDEE. Don't touch me, monster, or I might forget myself.

LT. DOUGLASS. I know why you don't love me. It's because of that dog Brown—nothing but a pauper. You are just throwing yourself away on a man who will desert you at the first opportunity.

ZAIDEE. Lieutenant Douglass, I know this pauper, as you call him, and a braver and truer man never lived, and I also know your kind. You come here and steal away the virtue and purity of us poor savage girls, as you call us, and then sail proudly to your own country as honored gentlemen; but I for one refuse to be your mistress, and I'd rather share poverty with Grayson Brown than to be dishonored by you.

LT. DOUGLASS. You lie. It is not true; but take your lover as you will. I'll find a way, my proud lady, to bring you imploring at my feet for mercy. I'm master here, and my subjects must obey.

ZAIDEE. Have a care, Lieutenant, or you might awake the savage nature that's in me, for we matichio girls know how to avenge our wrongs. Harm Grayson Brown if you will, and this (*snatches dagger*) will find its home in your bosom. So, beware!

LT. DOUGLASS. Those half-breed savages are the very devil himself. But she shall be mine if I have to do murder to make her so.

(*Enter one of the Guards.*)

GUARD. (*saluting*) Lieutenant!

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, what is it?

GUARD. A Negriots warrior has been captured on the outpost, sir.

LT. DOUGLASS. Go bring him here. (*Exit* GUARD *and returns with prisoner.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. You may leave now, and if I want you I'll call. (GUARD *salutes and exits.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. (*to prisoner*) What brought you in our line?

JOSE. I hungry, Senor. I starve. Me no fight; warriors drive me out.

LT. DOUGLASS. I believe you lie.

JOSE. No, no, Senor; me speak true, me hungry.

LT. DOUGLASS. If I thought you were trying to de-

ceive me, I'd shoot you like a dog.

JOSE. Mercy, Senor, mercy. I be dog for you.

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, get up and go to the mess room. (*He rises and starts out.*) Stop a moment. (*Aside*) I might use that fellow. I'll give you your liberty on one condition.

JOSE. (*falling on knees*) Name it, Senor; name it. I so hungry.

LT. DOUGLASS. Does your tribe still hate the Tagalogs?

JOSE. (*getting up excitedly*) Caramba! I hate! I kill them! Tell me, Senor, quickly!

LT. DOUGLASS. (*aside*) Seems as though I've struck the right chord this time. (*Aloud*) Know you where the Senorita Zaidee's hacienda is?

JOSE. Zaidee! Si, si, Senor, si. I bin dere. Me hate her, too.

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, what I want you to do is this: Contrive to place in a hidden spot at her hacienda some arms and ammunition, which you must take from the quartermaster's stores, without anyone seeing you. Do you understand?

JOSE. Si, Senor, si.

LT. DOUGLASS. No one must know of it, and mind you don't play me false, or this (*producing gun*) will send you to kingdom come.

JOSE. Ah! Senor, you no kill me.

LT. DOUGLASS. Well, you do as I tell you, and all will be well.

JOSE. I go, Senor. I do it, I so hungry.

LT. DOUGLASS. (*writes and gives* JOSE *paper*) This friendly Negriot (*to* JOSE) what's your name?

JOSE. Jose, Senor.

LT. DOUGLASS. Jose is free to come and go in and out the lines at all times. Signed, Douglass, Commander Negriots Province.

LT. DOUGLASS. Now, take this and be gone. No—not that way, but this way (*he exits*). The first move, and I hold the pawn. If Jose accomplishes his mission, Sergeant Brown will be ruined, and then the fair Zaidee will be in my power. Ha! ha! ha! What a victory!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

Scene I.

(*Enter* Jose, *who secretly hides arms and ammunition under porch and then exits.*)

(*Enter* Mother Carmenata.)

Carmenata. Here it is night fall, and that girl Zaidee hasn't returned yet. Always pestering after them Yankee pigs. Caramba! how I hate them. If that white livered Aggy hadn't been fool enough to be captured, we'd bin fighting yet. Oh! If I was only a man, I'd show them a thing or two. Zaidee! Zaidee!

(*Enter* Zaidee.)

Zaidee. Here I am, mother.

Carmenata. Where in the world have you been all this time?

Zaidee. Just been out for a stroll. Is it late?

Carmenata. Late! Well, I should say so, and I jest bet that stroll of yours led straight to them Yankee pigs' pen.

Zaidee. Oh, don't talk like that, Mother. They all ain't alike. There are some good ones among them.

Carmenata. Yes, just good enough to break your heart in two. Carmenata knows what she's talking about.

Zaidee. But, Mother, you said no longer than yesterday that you liked him.

Carmenata. Well, who in the name of thunder is this him you're talking about?

Zaidee. Why, Senor Grayson.

Carmenata. Ah, the lovely Senor; but, tell me, Zaidee, do you think he loves you and means well?

Zaidee. Why, of course he does. He couldn't do a wrong to any one.

Carmenata. Now, be careful, Zaidee, because you know what happened in the village. There is no one now to look after you but me since we left our people, and even now I fear Aggy might become naughty some day and cause trouble.

Zaidee. Don't fear for me, Mother, and besides, Aggy is well looked after.

CARMENATA. Don't be too sure of that, for if ever those Negriots should go on the war path, he might in the confusion give them the slip. But tell me how do you know this soldier man loves you?

ZAIDEE. Why, every girl knows that. No longer than yesterday he took my hand in his and said, "Zaidee, before I met you I was a wild ogre, thirsting for blood, and thought of nothing but how I might kill and slay the foe, but to-day, I wouldn't harm my worst enemy. You, child, have made me like a saint," and he gazed so deeply in my eyes and looked so loving like. There, Mother, I can't tell you any more.

CARMENATA. Saint like, hey? Well, the ogre soon returned when he came here searching our hacienda this morning.

ZAIDEE. He had to obey orders.

CARMENATA. Orders be blowed! Why didn't he refuse?

ZAIDEE. Then I would consider him a poor soldier that didn't do his duty. I must go and eat supper, for I'm nearly starved. (*Exits.*)

CARMENATA. Well, I guess the girl is right. Now, why don't some feller love me like that? Here I am, sweet sixteen, and have never been kissed—and I expect I'll die of joy if I get one. I do believe if some lovely, handsome young man would make love to me, I'd kiss him.

(*Enter* GRANT.)

GRANT. Did you have reference to me, Senora?

CARMENATA. (*frightened*) Caramba! and how did you get here?

GRANT. Why, I just walked here. Am I in time?

CARMENATA. Begone! I want no dealings with Yankee pigs. *An vant,* sir.

GTANT. Didn't you just say you was looking for a lovely handsome man?

CARMENATA. And do you call yourself handsome?

GRANT. Why not? I'm as good as they generally run, and may be somewhat better.

CARMENATA. But you're Yankee, Senor.

GRANT. What has that to do with it? I'm not a soldier. If a gun was fired, I'd run.

CARMENATA. Then what you do here, Senor?

GRANT. I represent the only reliable right-on-the-spot article, the Philadelphia *Tribune.*

CARMENATA. Is that good to eat?

GRANT. Oh, no! You don't understand me. Why, that's what people read. I write the news telling all about the wars, send it by cable, they print it with a great big machine. Now, do you see?

CARMENATA. And is that a little machine what you print with?

GRANT. Why, no! This is a camera. I take pictures with it.

CARMENATA. And do they read the pictures, too?

GRANT. They can't read pictures; they are only too look at.

CARMENATA. Oh! Senor, open it and let me look at one.

GRANT. You can't see them; they have to be taken first. Come sit down, let me take yours. (*Places camera on table and sits down beside her.*)

(ZAIDEE *enters.*)

ZAIDEE. Why, Mr. Grant! (*Both jump up.*)

CARMENATA. Oh, come, Senor, and let's have them taken inside. (*Exits.*)

(*Signal from* BROWN.)

SERG. BROWN. Cuckoo, cuckoo.

ZAIDEE. (*answering same*) Cuckoo.

SERG. BROWN. (*emerging*) Ah, Zaidee, did you think I wasn't coming?

ZAIDEE. You've been away a long time, Senor. I grew weary waiting for you.

SERG. BROWN. I know, little girl, but you don't realize how hard it is for me to get even a moment's leisure. Seems as though Douglass makes my lot harder and harder every day. Yet one moment with you repays it all.

ZAIDEE. Ah, Senor, it's because of me. I see it all.

SERG. BROWN. So I think, Zaidee. He wishes to make me resign, so he can ruin you, like he has done a score of others; but let him take care, for he might go too far.

ZAIDEE. Now, don't be rash, Grayson, for if anything happened to you it would break my heart.

SERG. BROWN. You are right, little one; even his brutality shall not stand between me and the woman I love. But it will soon be over. There, there; don't be sad hearted.

ZAIDEE. It's all right now,, but look, see what I've made for you. (*Presenting a token.*)

SERG. BROWN. This for me?

ZAIDEE. Yes, all for you, and you must wear it in every battle and think of your Zaidee, praying for you at home.

SERG. BROWN. That I will, for no knight errant ever donned a brighter color from his lady love than this.

(*Enter* LT. DOUGLASS *with a guard, placing* BROWN *under arrest.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. Sergeant Brown, consider yourself under arrest.

SERG. BROWN. Lieutenant! What does this mean?

LT. DOUGLASS. It means that I arrest you for neglecting your duty. You have failed to report arms and ammunition hidden on these premises.

SERG. BROWN. It is false! Before God I speak the truth.

LT. DOUGLASS. We'll soon see. Jose, come here. Where did you see those guns hidden?

JOSE. There, Senor, under the porch.

LT. DOUGLASS. Make a search, Quartermaster Holiday. (*He searches and finds them.*)

QUARTERMASTER HOLIDAY. It's true, Lieutenant, and the very arms that were stolen from the stores about two hours ago.

LT. DOUGLASS. And, so, my fine Sergeant, I've caught you at last.

SERG. BROWN. Lieutenant, this is treachery; I know nothing about them. Even Zaidee knows I speak the truth.

LT. DOUGLASS. Ah, bosh! Do you think I'd believe either of you? Why, of course your mistress would tell any lie to shield you.

SERG. BROWN. Take that back (*starts to reach for his gun, but is disarmed.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. So, trying to make a little gun-play, hey? Well, you won't try much longer, for I'll have you court-martialled and shot down like a dog. Guard him close.

(*Enter* DICK WOODSON, *excitedly.*)

DICK WOODSON. Lieutenant, the Negriots warriors are massing a thousand strong and intend to charge the stockade at midnight, so there is no time to lose.

(JOSE *makes his escape and joins his tribe.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. Guns and cannons! Is this true?

DICK WOODSON. Without a doubt. I've just cut through their runners in order to get here and warn you in time.

LT. DOUGLASS. Fall in, men; we must get back to camp in double-quick time. Come with us, Woodson.

DICK WOODSON. Impossible. I must reach Troop I's headquarters in an hour's time, in order to send up a relief to support you, so I'm off. (*Exits.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. Get ready, men. Grant, you take charge of the prisoner, and follow on soon as possible, and if he attempts to escape, shoot him down like a dog. Forward! we are on to victory! (*Exits.*)

SERG. BROWN. Speak, Zaidee, and tell me you knew naught of this.

ZAIDEE. Grayson, I swear to you by the Virgin Mother, I knew nothing until now.

SERG. BROWN. (*half doubtingly refuses to speak*).

ZAIDEE. Do not doubt, Senor; do not doubt me. If you believe me guilty, kill me. (*Falls on knees imploringly.*)

SERG. BROWN. I do believe you. No matter how it seems, but this disgrace is more than I can bear. Think of it, Zaidee, think of it.

ZAIDEE. It's hard, Senor, but I too suffer.

SERG. BROWN. I care not so much for myself, but to think the boys will be fighting unto death, and I powerless to help them. Already I see a huddled mass of brown demons charging the outworks, and the boys whom I love and led in battle falling and dying, while I—a prisoner. Horrible! horrible!

(CARMENATA *makes a hasty exit.*)

ZAIDEE. No, Senor, it shall not be. I'll ride to my people, the friendly Tagalogs, and bring assistance. I'll do it or die in the attempt.

GRANT. Bully for you.

SERG. BROWN. God bless you, Zaidee, and may you succeed.

ZAIDEE. Good-bye, Grayson, and if I fail, remember I did my duty. At midnight I'll be there. (*Exits.*)

(BROWN *bows his head in anguish.*)

GRANT. Come, brace up, old chap; it might have been worse.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

LT. DOUGLASS. Cease firing, men, and rest a spell, for it'll be an all-night siege. Those brown devils are fighting like demons, and our only salvation is that Gatling gun. If we could but man that we could hold out till morning, or till help came.

CORPORAL DIXON. Then why not try it, Lieutenant?

LT. DOUGLASS. I wish I could, but the only man capable of firing that gun is a prisoner.

(*Enter* GRANT.)

GRANT. Lieutenant, Sergeant Brown begs to be paroled and allowed to take part in the fighting.

LT. DOUGLASS. Impossible. He's a disgraced renegade, and such a man is not wanted here.

GRANT. Now, Douglass, don't be a fool. Give the man a fighting chance.

LT. DOUGLASS. No, it's useless to argue. It cannot be.

CORPORAL DIXON. Lieutenant, hear me a moment. Brown is my friend, and as such I speak for him. He has followed you throughout all this campaign, and stuck by you like a brother, and the boys all love him. He'd share the last crust of bread with his comrades. I've known him to give his last drop of water to cool the parching tongue of a fever-stricken pal. Now, don't let your personal animosity stand between you and duty, by depriving us of our leader. Give him a show.

THE BOYS. Yes, Lieutenant, give him a show.

LT. DOUGLASS. You are right, boys; he shall have a chance. Grant, release him.

SERG. BROWN. Lieutenant, how can I thank you?

LT. DOUGLASS. Say nothing of it, Brown, but promise you'll not break your parole and will fight like a man.

SERG. BROWN. I swear it.

LT. DOUGLASS. Then take your post and give it to them thick and fast. Back to your guns, boys. Fire away.

(*After five minutes' firing,* ZAIDEE *is sighted bringing relief.*)

CORPORAL DIXON. They retreated. Zaidee has come with the Tagalogs. (*Opens barricade and lets them in.*)

ZAIDEE. (*in the lead carrying U. S. Flag*) Grayson! (*Falls into his arms.*)

SERG. BROWN. (*clasping her to him*) Zaidee!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(CAPTAIN YOUNG *seated with a censored newspaper dispatch in his hand.*)

CAPT. YOUNG. I wonder what can be the meaning of this? A censored war dispatch addressed to the Associated Press, returned with the signet of disapproval. They seem to be getting mighty particular of late, lest the outside world should know too much of our doings here. But what is this? (*Opens and reads dispatch.*) Surely there can be no truth in that, for I don't believe there is a man in my whole command could be guilty of such calumny. I'll leave the matter rest until Douglass' arrival, and perhaps he can throw some light on the matter. (*Proceeds to write.*)

(*The dismount call is sounded.*)

CAPT. YOUNG. Ah! there's Douglass now. (*Enter* ORDERLY, *saluting.*)

ORDERLY. Sir, Lieutenant Douglass has arrived with the first detachment, being relieved by Company I's detachment.

CAPT. YOUNG. Tell Lieutenant Douglass I am ready to receive his report.

(ORDERLY *salutes and retires.*)

(*Enter* DOUGLASS.)

LT. DOUGLASS. Sir, I wish to report all well, casualties none, and one prisoner for neglect of duty.

CAPT. YOUNG. I am glad to hear such a good report, Lieutenant, but sorry to know you have a disgraced man within your ranks. His name?

LT. DOUGLASS. Grayson Brown, my first sergeant.

CAPT. YOUNG. Impossible!

LT. DOUGLASS. I regret to say it's only too true. He was ordered to search the premises of a Tagalog girl living apart from her people outside of our lines, who was suspected of aiding her people by receiving arms and ammunitions conveyed from the coast by Aguinaldo's agents, and in turn given over to the insurgents. He failed to report the same.

CAPT. YOUNG. Lieutenant, this is a very serious offense, and needs to be investigated. Let the prisoner be brought in.

LT. DOUGLASS. Orderly, tell the guard to bring in Sergeant Brown.

(*Enter* BROWN *with* GUARD, ZAIDEE *following.*)

CAPT. YOUNG. Sergeant Brown, I find you charged with neglect of duty. What defence have you to offer?

SERG. BROWN. Sir, I have none to offer, save to say I'm innocent, and wish to be tried at once.

CAPT. YOUNG. You shall have a fair trial, anl I only hope that such a brave soldier as you have been proved to be, may be able to prove your innocence.

ZAIDEE. Senor Captain, allow me to speak a word in his defence. If he is guilty I am also guilty, for it was at my hacienda the guns were found.

CAPT. YOUNG. And so you are the girl, hey? Well, no wonder a brave man fell from grace; but this matter needs deep investigation, and I will have to keep you both under strict guard until thoroughly settled.

LT. DOUGLASS. Captain, I wish to speak a word in Senorita's favor. It was through her bringing the friendly Tagalogs to our assistance that we were able to beat back the Negriots' attack until I's detachment arrived.

CAPT. YOUNG. That's one point in your favor, Senorita, and shall be duly recognized. But tell me, Douglass, do you know anything about this dispatch, as to its origination? (*Showing him dispatch.*)

LT. DOUGLASS. (*looking amazed*) No, Captain, I do not.

CAPT. YOUNG. That will also have to be investigated.

(*Enter* ORDERLY.)

ORDERLY. Sir, Scout Woodson has arrived with dispatches and a wounded Negriots warrior.

CAPT. YOUNG. Show Scout Woodson in.

(*Enter* WOODSON.)

WOODSON. Sir, I've just arrived from the Governor-General's headquarters with these dispatches, and on my way picked up a wounded warrior, who begged me not to kill him, but bring him here, as he had information of importance to convey to you, and so he is outside in charge of the guard.

CAPT. YOUNG. Go bring him in, Orderly.

(*Enter* JOSE *with* GUARD.)

LT. DOUGLASS. (*under his breath*) Why, it's Jose.

JOSE. Give me drink; I thirsty—I dying. (GUARD *gives him drink.*)

CAPT. YOUNG. I understand that you wish to speak to me. What is it you have to say? No one will hurt you.

JOSE. Senor Captain, me heep bad man—me dying—me tell all.

CAPT. YOUNG. Well, speak on; I'm listening.

JOSE. Me great warrior. My tribe say attack stockade. Need warrior to spy on Yankee pig. I go show how great warrior—Yankee pig capture me—I go before Senor Lieutenant dere—him say he kill me. I lie like devil. Tell him me hungry, me peaceful; no fight for warriors; dey drive me out, me die for hunger. Senor, him say he give me liberty, eat plenty, drink plenty, if I do for him— (*stops and gasps*).

CAPT. YOUNG. Go on Jose. What did he want you to do?

JOSE. Him (*gasps for breath*) Him tell me steal guns and fire flash; hide em on Zaidee place, cose I tell him I hate Tagalog. He make search—heap men finds guns, and say Sergeant him put em there. Me done tole all.

LT. DOUGLASS. (*springing toward* JOSE) You lie!

CAPT. YOUNG. Disarm him and make him a prisoner.

LT. DOUGLASS. Captain, surely you don't believe such a tale as that?

CAPT. YOUNG. I believe every word of it; for a dying man cannot lie, and besides Sergeant Brown I believe to be too brave a man to be guilty of such infamy.

SERG. BROWN. I thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN YOUNG. Brown, I was about to do you a great wrong, but I thank God light has come to me at last.

JOSE. I speak true, Senor Captain, and now I die happy. (*Dies.*)

CAPT. YOUNG. He is dead; remove him. I guess I'll now find out something about that censored dispatch.

(*Enter* GRANT.)

GRANT. I can answer for that.

CAPT. YOUNG. And who are you?

GRANT. War correspondent, sir, for the Philadelphia *Tribune,* and that dispatch had reference to a conversation between Lieutenant Douglass and myself relative to his love for Senorita Zaidee, and how Sergeant Brown stood in his way, and as to means he intended to employ to have Brown disgraced and discharged from the service. That, sir, is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

LT. DOUGLASS. (*to* GRANT) You traitor!

CAPT. YOUNG. And I believe it; so there is nothing left undone to prove your infamous doings, Lieutenant Douglass, and I shall grant you a speedy trial. (*Looking over dispatches brought by Woodson.*) Sergeant Brown, it gives me great pleasure to set you at liberty and place in your hands these papers, commissioning you as First Lieutenant, with rank and pay for the same from date of issue, and I appoint you second in command of this company until further orders.

THE BOYS. Hip, hip, hurrah!

SERG. BROWN. Words cannot express my feelings, Captain, but I hope to better prove my heart-felt happiness by always doing my duty as a brave soldier should.

CAPT. YOUNG. I've no doubt of it, and as for your Senorita, I find guilty of a much more serious offence, that of stealing away the love and affection of one whose only sweetheart was the flag under which he fought, and so I'll have to impose on you the full mandate of human nature's law, that of solitary confinement in a state of matrimony with Lieutenant Brown as your keeper. Do you accept?

ZAIDEE. (*going to* BROWN *and taking his hand*) With all my heart.

CAPT. YOUNG. And, boys, I think this will interest us all (*reading dispatch*): Troop C, Ninth Calvary, Island of Luzon, is hereby ordered to report at once to General Headquarters, prior to being relieved from further duty, with instructions to set sail for the States and report at Regimental Headquarters, Fort Robinson, Nebraska. (Signed) Root, Sec. of War.

THE BOYS. Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

CAPT. YOUNG. We'll go back, boys, with the full assurance that we did our duty here, while fighting

UNDER THE COLORS.

(*Curtain.*)

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